WILDC.A.T.S™

COVERT-ACTION-TEAM

DC

12
AUG

J.IM LEE
WILLIAMS

WILDC.A.T.S™

COVERT-ACTION-TEAMS #12

A GATHERING OF EAGLES

STORY
CHRIS CLAREMONT

PENCILS
JIM LEE

INKS
SCOTT WILLIAMS

LETTERS
TOM ORZECHOWSKI

COLORS
JOE CHIODO

COLOR SEPARATIONS
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
WILDSTORM EFFECTS

ASSISTANT EDITOR
SARAH BECKER

EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL KAPLAN

PRODUCTION
WILDSTORM EFFECTS

COVER BY
JIM LEE AND SCOTT WILLIAMS

WILDC.A.T.S.® CREATED BY JIM LEE AND BRANDON CHOI
HUNTSMAN™ CREATED BY CHRIS CLAREMONT

WILDSTORM EFFECTS IS NICK BELL, CLAUDIA CHONG, ROBERT CHONG, JOE DUNN, BEN FERNANDEZ, MERV GARRETSON, TANYA LAIB, CHRISTIAN MILOS, PAUL MOBBS, ROBERT RO, JESSICA RUFFNER, AND JOHN UHRICH

WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS

HUNTSMAN'S DRIVING.

ZEALOT'S DYING.

RAKSHA POISON.

SHE TOOK A HEAVY HIT EARLIER TONIGHT, BEEN EATING HER UP EVER SINCE.

IT'S A MIRACLE SHE'S LASTED THIS LONG.

AND THE WAY TROIKA'S BEEN SHOOTIN' AT US, LOOKS LIKE HER QUOTA-- AN' OURS-- IS JUST ABOUT ALL USED UP.

HANG ON, MIRANDA!

AIN'T LIKE I GOT ANYTHING *BETTER* TO DO, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

I TALK TOUGH.

I'M BAD SCARED.

HATE BEING HELPLESS.

FIRST OFF, ZEALOT SAVES ME, HUNT SAVES ZEALOT. EVERYBODY OWES.

THEN WE ZIP HELTER-SKELTER THROUGH **BROOKLYN** BECAUSE HER FRIENDS-- SOME OUTFIT CALLED **WILDC.A.T.S**-- THEY'RE MAYBE IN MAJOR TROUBLE.

SHE'S RIGHT. WE'RE TOO LATE.

SHE LAYS PEEPS ON THIS ONE **LADY**-- CALLED HER **TAPESTRY**--

--AND SHE'S SUDDENLY **SPOOKED** LIKE I NEVER IMAGINED POSSIBLE FOR HER.

BEEN RUNNING SINCE.

TARGET LOCKED... SECTOR 8

RANGE: 30 METERS
VELOCITY: 204 KPH
P.O.I.: 45 METERS
E.T.A.: 10 SECONDS

DAMN!

SCANNER REGISTERS MULTIPLE INCOMING.

CAN'T WE *DUCK* 'EM?!

I'M DOING MY *BEST*.

RE-ENGAGE TARGET LOCK... SECTOR 9

MAGNIFY 50x

RANGE: 47 METERS
BIOFORMS DETECTED: 3

USUALLY, THAT'S ENOUGH.

BOOM

YESSSSS!

DON'T BE SO DAMN' COCKY, SLAG.

IT'S AN EXPLOSION, NOTHING MORE.

H.A.R.M.-- STATUS.

ALL PROJECTILES TRACKED TO TARGET.

ALL PROJECTILES DETONATED ON TARGET.

DETECTING NO FURTHER MOVEMENT FROM TARGET. DETECTING NO BIOFORM LIFESIGNS IN IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF TARGET.

SSSOUNDSSS LIKE A KILL TO ME, ATTICA.

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE THE BODIES.

WE GOTTA MOVE FAST.

WE'RE TURNIN' THIS STRETCH O' THE WATERFRONT INTO A *WAR ZONE.*

IT'S ONLY A MATTER O' TIME BEFORE SOMEBODY NOTICES. WHEN THAT HAPPENS...

... I WANT THE *TROIKA* TO BE *LONG GONE.*

THIS CAPER IS *TAPESTRY'S* MESS.

"LET *HER* BE THE ONE TO TIDY IT UP."

DOCKLANDS ANOTHER HALO REDEVELOPMENT...

WARBLADE--

-- WHAT A DELIGHTFULLY *TANGLED* HISTORY YOU HAVE.

SUCH PASSION. SUCH *PAIN.*

ALL *MINE* TO PLAY WITH...

... AS I REWEAVE THE PATTERN OF YOUR SOUL, TO *MY* DESIGN.

JUST AS I'VE DONE, JUST AS I SHALL DO, WITH *ALL* YOUR FELLOW WILDC.A.T.S.

THE TROIKA EXPECTS IMMINENT *SUCCESS.*

YOUR PARDON, *LORD SOMA,* BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

THEY'RE GOOD. *ZEALOT'S* THE BEST.

THAT'S WHY *SPARTAN* AND I ARE DEVISING OUR STRATEGIES ON THE ASSUMPTION SHE'LL BEAT THEM.

THE *CHALLENGE* IS FINDING A WAY TO BRING HER IN *ALIVE.*

I HAVE SEEN HER FIGHT, JACOB MARLOWE. BETTER FOR US THAT SHE DIE.

"YOU WANT TO TELL OUR *DOMINA* THAT, *RAKSHA?*"

I DIDN'T THINK SO.

I HUNGER, MEAT!

I CANNOT LONG MAINTAIN MYSELF WITHIN THIS FORM WITHOUT SUSTEN-ANCE!

ALREADY IN THE WORKS.

I GOT A *BAD* FEELIN', *JULES...*

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

JACOB GOES WALKABOUT, DOESN'T SAY WHERE HE'S GOING; THEN, *VOODOO* SOUNDS AN EMERGENCY AND TAKES THE TEAM OUT AFTER HIM.

NOW, *WE* GET A CALL FROM JACOB TO RENDEZVOUS IN THIS *GODFORSAKEN--*

--STANSFIELD!

OVER IN THOSE SHADOWS, I THINK I SAW--

--VOODOO!?!

WHAT'S *HAPPENING?!*

JULES, DID YOU SEE HER *FACE?!*

SHE NEEDS *HELP!*

HAVE YOU NOT LEARNED, MEAT! RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

I DON'T CARE! I'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING YOU!

AND I WON'T LET YOU HURT MY FRIENDS!

FRIENDS, STRANGERS, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

YOU ARE PREY TO ME.

I WILL TAKE YOUR LIVES WHEN AND WHERE I PLEASE.

NO!

YOU COULD NOT STOP ME ON THE BEACH.

YOU WILL NOT STOP ME NOW.

NO!

YOU ARE POWER WITHOUT PROPER PURPOSE...

... FLUSH WITH ABILITIES YOU KNOW NOT HOW TO USE.

ALABASTAR WU, AT LEAST, WAS A FIT MATCH FOR THE BRETHREN...

... AS TAPESTRY IS A FIT ALLY.

YOU ARE NOTHING!

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.

IN WHICH CASE, YOU UNREGENERATE SACK OF SLIME...

...I BET THIS COMES AS A SURPRISE TO BOTH OF US!

TOO LITTLE, MEAT, AND FAR TOO LATE.

KNOW THAT I WILL RIDE YOUR FORM A LONG, LONG TIME.

AND THAT EVERY LIFE I CLAIM ALONG THE WAY...

...WILL STAND TESTAMENT TO YOUR FAILURE!

STANSFIELD, I'VE FOUND HER!

NO SIGN OF THE OTHERS, THOUGH.

BE CAREFUL, JULES.

BE REAL!

IF I WAS CAREFUL, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE!

PRIS? IT'S JULES!

DON'T WORRY, HON-- EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

FOOL! YOU *NEVER* SHOULD HAVE COME!

JACOB'S LURED YOU INTO A *TRAP!*

JAMP!

MY *GOD!*

THERE ISSS ZSZEALOT'SSS *BULLETBIKE.*

BUT NO BODIES.

SCANALYSIS, H.A.R.M.

INDICATIONS ARE THAT TARGETS HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN STRUCTURES OPPOSITE. UNABLE TO LOCK IN ON BIOFORM'S PRECISE LOCATION.

*RECOMMEND **DESTRUCTION** OF ENTIRE BLOCK.*

WORKSSS FOR ME, ATTICA.

HEY, WE'VE CAUSED ENOUGH RAW DAMAGE FOR *ONE* NIGHT, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

WE DO THIS JOB UP CLOSE AN' *PERSONAL.*

EVEN BETTER!

*CAUGHT SOME SHRAPNEL WHEN THE **BOOMERS** HIT.*

*BUT HUNT GOT US OUT **ALIVE**, THAT'S THE IMPORTANT PART. NOW HE'S GOTTA **KEEP** US THAT WAY.*

ANY IDEA WHEN WE CAN EXPECT THAT *CAVALRY* YOU CALLED, Z?

ANY MINUTE NOW...?

T'RIFFIC. MEANS WE'RE ON OUR OWN. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

THEY MAY WELL ASSUME WE DIED IN THE CRASH.

YOU NO MORE BELIEVE THAT THAN I DO.

I'VE FOUGHT THE *TROIKA*, HUNTSMAN. *SLAG* ESPECIALLY WON'T STOP UNTIL HE SEES OUR BODIES.

AND ADMINISTERS THE *COUP DE GRACE* HIMSELF.

WE CANNOT FIGHT, I CANNOT RUN.

TAKE YOUR CHILD, MY FRIEND, AND SAVE YOURSELF.

THEY'LL BE SATISFIED WITH ME.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, THE *WILDC.A.T.S*?

NOT TO MENTION THAT *TAPESTRY* YOU'RE SO SCARED OF.

THERE IS A *PATTERN* FOR EVERY LIFE. IF MINE IS *DONE*...

I'VE A BETTER IDEA. YOU GUARD MIRANDA, I'LL PLAY *HERO*.

ALONE, YOU HAVE NO HOPE--

--BLESSED *HECATE!*

SO MUCH FOR *RUNNING*.

IT ISSS DONE, ATTICA.

THE WALLSSS ARE SSSEALED WITH LAVA TO A HEIGHT OF THREE SSSTORIESSS.

THEY CANNOT ESSSCAPE.

THEN LET'S GO GET 'EM!

ALONE OR NOT, Z, I'M OUR ONLY CHANCE.

AT LEAST, TAKE A WEAPON.

YOU KEEP 'EM, YOU'LL NEED 'EM.

I'LL FIND MY OWN.

DOMINA, THE TROIKA REPORTS THEIR QUARRY IS CORNERED AND WILL SHORTLY BE IN HAND.

FORGIVE ME, BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE THEY WILL MAKE THE SLIGHTEST EFFORT TO TAKE ZEALOT ALIVE.

NO MATTER.

WHERE *SISTER ZEALOT* IS CONCERNED, OLD COMRADE, SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY FOR THE TROIKA

IT IS *THEY* WHO'LL NEED IT.

SHE WILL *CHALLENGE* YOU, TAPESTRY.

OF COURSE.

AND WHEN SHE DOES, YOU-- *VOID* AND *PROVIDENCE*--

--WILL HELP ME *CRUSH* HER.

AS OUR *DOMINA* COMMANDS.

GETTING... *HARDER* TO THINK...

STRANGE *VOICES* IN MY HEAD.

CAN'T TELL ANYMORE... WHICH IS *MINE*.

I DON'T DARE SLEEP.

HER *LIFELIGHT* GLOWS SO BRIGHTLY.

MY THOUGHTS, *MY* HUNGER-- I *DENY* THEM BOTH!

HUNTSMAN BANDAGED MY WOUND, WHERE THE *RAKSHA* CUT ME.

DRESSING'S *ROTTED* THROUGH.

MY CLOTHES, AS WELL.

TALK OUT LOUD.

KEEP MY FOCUS.

MIRANDA'S ASLEEP.

LUCKY GIRL.

STRANGE. I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE SOUL OF A CHILD SO YOUNG TO BE MORE PURE.

BUT THE *POWER*-- SHE WOULD MAKE A MEAL WELL WORTH THE *TASTING*--

NO!

THAT, I WILL *NOT* ALLOW!

AS WITHOUT...

...SO *WITHIN*.

BRIGHT, BLOODY GODDESS-- IT *HURTS!*

A *CORRUPTION* OF MIND AND BODY--

-- THAT WILL NOT STOP UNTIL I AM *CONSUMED*.

AND *TRANS-FORMED* WHOLLY INTO A RAKSHA.

I'M SORRY...

... BUT NEITHER SISTER ZEALOT NOR *MIRANDA TAI* ARE ENTERTAINING *VISITORS* THIS EVENING.

PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME?

WANG!

YOU'RE THE *ROBOT*, YES?

VARIATION ON A CLASSIC *LAUMER-BOLO* THEME?

VIRTUALLY *INVULNERABLE*--

--UNLESS YOU KNOW WHERE AND HOW TO *STRIKE!*

SHAK!

WHAT A SURPRISE!

I SEEM TO HAVE LAUNCHED SOME *MISSILES*.

AND BLOWN *ATTICA*...

...RIGHT BACK OUT OF THE BUILDING.

ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO.

SOME *GUY*-- HELPIN' ZEALOT!

DON'T MOVE LIKE THE *GRIFTER*, DON'T MATTER A *DAMN*, NEITHER.

'CAUSE I'M GONNA--!

SMILE, ATTICA--

--LIKE YOU REALLY *MEAN* IT!

KA-CHAK

'CASE YOU FORGOT, SLIME...

...I'M SOLDIER!

AN I'M A FRIEND OF ZEALOT'S TOO!

IF YOU GOT PLANS FOR TOMORROW...

...I'D BEHAVE YOURSELF TONIGHT.

TO DEFEAT ONE OF THE TROIKA ISSS COMMENDABLE.

THE FLOOR--

--SOME KIND OF LAVA WAVE!

TO DEFEAT TWO, EXTRAORDINARY.

BUT ALL THREE--

---NOT A HOPE!

NO ONE WILL KNOW WHERE YOU DIED, SSSTRANGER, OR HOW.

YAAAGH!

THERE WILL NOT EVEN BE ASHESSS LEFT TO REMIND PEOPLE YOU HAD EVER BEEN.

COUNT YOUR BLESSSSSINGSSS, THOUGH.

WITH ZSZEALOT, I WILL NOT BE SO MERSSSIFUL--THAT CRY!?!

MIRANDA?!?

SHE WON'T STOP *SCREAMING!*

AS THOUGH SHE HERSELF WAS BEING PLUNGED INTO THE *FIRE!*

AAAAAAA

CHILD--*BE SILENT!*

THAT'S BETTER.

HUNTSMAN DID HIS BEST, LITTLE PRINCESS. IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

AMONG THE *CODA*, AS THE SPARTANS, THE RULE WAS TO RETURN FROM BATTLE *WITH* OUR SHIELDS, IN *TRIUMPH!*

OR *ON* THEM, IN HONORABLE *DEATH*

"THIS NIGHT, MIRANDA, I DO *NOT* INTEND TO DIE. AND NEITHER SHALL *YOU*.

"AS *MAJESTRIX* OF THE CODA, AND IN HONOR OF OUR FRIEND, THIS I *VOW!*"

SKROOM!

VUDDA VUDDA VUDDA VUDDA VUD

CHUNTA CHUNTA

POW!

ASSAULT ZONE SWEPT, SLAG.

NEGATIVE CONTACT WITHIN KILL ZONE. NEGATIVE CONTACT WITHIN SCANNING FIELD.

BE ADVISED THAT COMBAT DAMAGE HAS SIGNIFICANTLY REDUCED SENSOR EFFECTIVENESS...

WHAT A SHAME!

WHAMMO!

H.A.R.M., YOU IDIOT!

YOU'VE BREACHED MY MANTLE!

WARNING! WARNING!

SLAG'S "BLOOD" PENETRATING FRACTURES IN OUTER INTEGUMENT!

MAGAZINE TEMPERATURE EXCEEDING SAFETY TOLERENCES--!

BOOM!

SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK

MANUAL SPRINKLER CONTROL

HWISSSSS !?!

SSSILLY GIRL -- VASSS, DID YOU THINK THAT WATER ON MY LAVA FORM WOULD PERHAPSSS DAMPEN THE FIRESSS WITHIN ME UNTIL I COULD NO LONGER MOVE?

HEINRICH HESTER ISSS NOT SSSO EASSSILY VANQUISSSHED.

YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME FOREVER, ZSZEALOT...

...EVEN IN THISSS ACCURSSSED FOG!

HIDE "FOREVER," LUMMOX, NO.

MERELY LONG ENOUGH TO FINISH YOU OFF.

WUGGLA WUGGLA WUGGLA

BALL BEARINGSSS !?!

CAN'T KEEP MY FOOTING!

THE FLOOR WHERE HARM BURSSST THROUGH--

--TOO SSSTEEPLY ANGLED--

--CAN'T SSSTOP MYSSSELF!

NEED A HANDHOLD!

SSSOME GIRL!?!

MIRANDA!

THISSS GIRL MEANSSS SSSOMETHING TO YOU?

ZEHR GUTT!

BLINCH!

IF I LET GO, I'LL FALL!

BUT I NEED PROPER LEVERAGE TO DRAG MYSSSELF BACK IN!

YOU SSSHOW YOURSSSELF, ZSZEALOT-- YOU HELP ME, JA--

--OR I BURN HER!

ZEALOT--?
HUNTSMAN!
BUT I THOUGHT--!
NO MATTER. I'M GLAD SLAG **MISSED** YOU.
HE HAS MIRANDA HOSTAGE!
I CAN'T ALLOW HER TO COME TO HARM.

YOU-- **ALIVE?!?** THAT CANNOT BE, I **INCINERATED** YOU!
ZEALOT, WHAT'S ***HAPPENED*** TO HER?!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ***YOU?!!***

THERE IS NOTHING **YOU** CAN DO, MY FRIEND.
SLAG SIMPLY **MELTS** ANY PROJECTILE OR BLADE CAPABLE OF PENETRATING HIS HIDE...
...AND ANY **ENERGY WEAPON** CAPABLE OF AFFECTING HIM IS SURE TO DO MIRANDA HARM AS WELL.

I WON'T ACCEPT THAT, ZEALOT.
YOU WON'T HAVE TO.
THERE IS ***ANOTHER*** WAY.
BE READY, HUNTSMAN. YOU'LL HAVE ONLY A ***MOMENT*** TO SAVE HER.

LOOKED **SCARY** BEFORE, MORE RAKSHA THAN HUMAN. THAT TRANSFORMATION ALMOST COMPLETE.
THIS IS **WORSE.**
THE **POWER** IS SO BRIGHT, IT CAN'T BE ENDURED.
YET IT CASTS HER IN AS ABSOLUTE AND ALL-EMBRACING A **SHADOW.**

HITS SLAG BETWEEN THE EYES.

BURROWS THROUGH, DEEP TO HIS SOUL.

I KNOW THIS...

... BECAUSE THE FRINGES OF HER SPELL ARE DOING THE SAME TO ME.

WE'RE ALL SCREAMING...

...BUT WITH US IT'S A MIX OF PAIN AND FEAR.

WITH ZEALOT, IT'S JOY.

TAKE HER, HUNTSMAN-- NOW!

SLAG'S FACE RUNS LIKE WAX...

...HE'S TWISTING INSIDE-OUT...

THE MONSTER IS GIVING WAY...

...TO THE MAN HE WAS.

AT THAT POINT, HE HASN'T THE STRENGTH TO HOLD ON.

BUT FOR ZEALOT...

...THE LIGHT SHOW'S JUST BEGUN!

YAAAAA

KTHWUD.

HOWDY, HEINRICH!

GOTTA SAY, I'VE SEEN YOU LOOKIN' *BETTER*.

BITTE, SOLDIER-- *PLEASE*--

--I'LL BE NO TROUBLE!

MUSIC TO MY EARS.

YOU *FOOL*, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOUR PRECIOUS ZEALOT, *SHE* DID THIS TO ME!

GOING ROUNDS WITH WILDC.A.T.S, THAT'S ONE THING.

BUT I DON'T FIGHT *WITCHES*. I DON'T FIGHT *GHOSTS*!

THAT ZEALOT, SHE'S FULL'A SURPRISES.

BUT FOR YOUR SAKE, SKEL, *SHE* BETTER NOT BE THE "GHOST."

TARGET ACQUISITION...

...FILE NOMEN-CLATURE, SOLDIER.

EFFECTING INTERNAL RECIRCUITING TO BRING REMAINING WEAPONS ON-LINE.

WILL COMMENCE FIRE ONCE SYSTEMS FULLY ENABLED.

ZEALOT...?

MOTHER HECATE FORGIVE ME...

THAT WAS MAGNIFI-CENT!

YOU'VE CHANGED.

MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.

HOW IS MIRANDA?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I AM *DAMNED.*

I SUSPECT YOU KNOW THAT ANSWER FAR BETTER THAN I.

I'M OUT OF PRACTICE. MY CONTROL ISN'T WHAT IT NEEDS TO BE.

WHAT COUNTS IS THAT YOU *SAVED* HER.

YOU ARE A GENEROUS AND *HONORABLE* MAN, HUNTSMAN.

BEFORE WE ARE DONE, I MAY PUT THAT HONOR TO THE *TEST.*

SAY THE WORD.

THANK YOU.

THIS THE *CAVALRY* YOU SPOKE OF?

UNEXPECTED, BUT *WELCOME.*

FATHER TIME HAS BEEN *KIND,* SOLDIER.

YOU'RE A *LIAR,* LADY...

...BUT I'M NOT COMPLAININ'.

INCOMING, Z!

FRIEND *OR FOE?*

GOOD QUESTION.

SORRY ABOUT THIS, ZEALOT.

I TOLD YER *BABY SISTER* THIS WAS A MISTAKE.

BUT SOMETIMES, SHE'S MORE STUBBORN'N *YOU!*

PEACE, HUMANS!

I AM *MR. MAJESTIC!*

NO, oh NO!

LOOK AT HER!!

WE'RE TOO LATE!

ACQUIRING FURTHER TARGETS.

WEAPONRY FULLY ENABLED.

INITIATING FIRING SEQUENCE.

IF I CAN'T SAVE MY *SISTER'S* LIFE...

...AT LEAST I'LL SAVE HER *SOUL!*

SAVANT-- STOP!

IF I AM WHAT YOU FEAR, SAVANT, NO WEAPON OF YOURS CAN DO ME *H.A.R.M.!*

AND IF I'M NOT...

CHUNTA!

WELL!

I WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO H.A.R.M.

WHAM!

LEAVE THE GUN LIE, GIRL.

LEAVE YOUR SISTER BE.

STAND ASIDE, CURSE YOU!

I DON'T REALLY CARE.

ZEALOT'S EARNED THE *RIGHT* TO CALL THE HOURS OF HER LIFE.

THEY END WHEN *SHE* SAYS SO, NOT BEFORE.

DUNNO THE FACE...

BROTHER GRIFTER!

...BUT I DEFINITELY *LIKE* THE 'TUDE.

MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, BABY SISTER.

YOU *FOOLS!*

DIRTY JOB, SAVVIE, BUT *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA DO IT.

NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN NECESSARY, SAVANT, HAD YOU BEEN HERE SOONER.

WHERE WERE YOU? WHAT'S THE DISTANCE FROM WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK IN YOUR *SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS?* TWENTY STEPS? THIRTY??

FAMILY REUNIONS. AIN'T THEY A TREAT?

I'M *GRIFTER.*

HUNTSMAN.

I HAD TO MAKE A *DETOUR*.

CONSIDERING THE *OPPOSITION*, I FELT WE NEEDED SOME *MAJOR* REIN-FORCEMENTS.

FAIR GREETINGS, MAJESTRIX.

SOLDIER, *STATUS* PLEASE?

THE TROIKA'S TAGGED AN' BAGGED.

WHATEVER YOU DID TO SLAG PUT THE FEAR O' GOD INTO 'EM, THEY BE ALL ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOR.

YOU WANT I SHOULD CALL THE COPS FOR A PICK-UP?

THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

WE HAVE FAR MORE DANGER-OUS GAME TO HUNT.

BUT I MUST WARN YOU ALL, THE ODDS WILL BE AGAINST US.

MY KIND'A SCRAP. LONGER THE ODDS, BETTER I LIKE IT.

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, COLE, WE WILL BE FIGHTING OUR FELLOW *WILDC.A.T.S*-- TO THE *DEATH*.

IN THAT CASE, Z., ONE WAY OR THE OTHER...

...WE OWE IT TO YOUR FRIENDS TO SET THEM *FREE*.

YOU ARE MADMEN ALL.

BUT WITH YOUR HELP, WE MAY YET WIN THE DAY!

POOR, DELUDED CREATURE.

HAVE YOU NOT YET REALIZED-- YOUR DAY IS DONE!

YOUR CAUSE IS LOST, YOUR COMRADES THERE AS GOOD AS DEAD.

AND YOUR SOUL, ZEALOT, WILL ONCE MORE BE MINE.

ONLY THIS TIME, I SHALL HOLD IT FOREVER!

NEXT HELLCATS

ZONE